HOME AND SOCIETY.

A STORY OF LIFE IN THE COUNTRY.

THE THING THAT SHOULDN'T BE SAID-A MENU FOR A YACHTING PARTY.

A curious Long Island story which has the merit of being true is one of a recent occurrence in the little seaside town of B—. A family of New-Yorkers established themselves in a roomy farmhouse for the season, the owner having moved out to give way to the "city folks," who prepared keep house for themselves during the summer. The family were all delicate, nervous people, and when one day the oldest son, believing himself to be alone in the house, looked suddenly up and encountered a wild and terrible-looking head peering at him through the curtains which separated the sitting-room from the dining-room, the shock was intense. His first was to spring from his seat and rush into the adjoining room-which, however, he found perfectly empty. His second impulse was to question his own sanity. Finally he ascribed the apparition to an over-excited brain, and grew convinced he was becoming subject to mental illusions. This worried him so much that he took early opportunity of coming to town and consulting the family physician, who told him that he had been studying too hard, and prescribed a regime of sailing, riding and absolute rest from

"Have you spoken of the apparition to your family?" he asked the young man. "No. Well. would not mention it if I were you; these hallucinations become strengthened if described and dwelt upon. Go home, have a good time, and you will forget all about it in a week."

days afterward, however, the good man was surprised to see the sister of the young fellow come into his office.

"Doctor, no one knows I have come to you," she began excitedly. "I said I was going to town do some shopping; but I am convinced that I am losing my mind. Twice during the last week I have seen the most dreadful face, which vanished as I rushed to the window where I had seen it, and from the door through which it glared at me. Mamma is so delicate that I have not spoken of it to her, and I have felt the strangest reluctance to tell any one about it. Oh, doctor, I am afraid I am going mad"-and the overwrought young

burst into tears and sobbed bitterly. The old doctor managed to soothe her and con vince her that her apparitions were the result of indigestion, and not melancholia. "A curious coin cidence, however," said the physician to himself after she had left him. "I must look after thes young people." But he was completely puzzled and all his science at fault when the next day he received a visit from the motner herself. Unknown to either of her children she had come to consult him, and her symptoms were substantially the same. She described the recurring vision of a strange, wild, horrible face peering from behind curtains or through the window.

Thoroughly interested now, the good doctor resolved to ferret out the mystery. "Either it is a bona-fide ghost or the whole family is going mad," he said to himself; and he easily obtained permission from the widow to accompany her home. Not waiting for a visit from the banshee, Dr. Mwho is nothing if not practical, decided upon a thorough investigation of the house from top to bottom, and confiding to the young man the secret of his mother's and sister's visits, he secured his cooperation. Together they explored the premises from cellar to garret, but found nothing suspi-"What have we here?" said the old gentleman at last, as he espled a ladder in one corner of the roomy garret.

'I think that goes up to a little loft in the eaves of the house," answered the youth, "but it is a place that is never opened."

The doctor, however, mounted the ladder and pushed open the trapdoor above his head—then he fell back with a cry of terror. A wild, maniacal figure let itself down through the aperture with extraordinary velocity, and rushing to the little window at the end of the garret, swung itself out close to the house. It dropped to the grounda second more and it had disappeared. In the loft above was found a nest made of stray bits of rags, etc., like the lair of a wild animal, where the creature had evidently lived for some time.

A visit to an insane asylum in the neighboring town revealed the mystery. One of the most dangerous maniacs had escaped the vigilance of his keepers, and all efforts to find him had proved unavailing. Owing to the family's dread of publicity the matter was kept very quiet, but to their great relief the lunatic was finally captured and placed in security.

"Things that should not have been said" form a social pitfall for the unwary that everybody is more or less apt to tumble into. We all know the everse fate that oftentimes, to the speaker's tune and apparently designedly personal remark-especially if there is any subject which it is particularly desirable should be avoided or tabooed.

"Have you ever noticed," said a woman of society

the other day, "that wherever there is any particular reason for avoiding any allusion to any physical defect or vulnerable subject, that particu-lar topic invariably comes up? I really think I am the most unlucky woman alive about that sort of thing," she continued, pensively. "It is always my fate to make the most embarrassing remarks just when I ought not to. If I am at a dinner, and any of the guests happen to dye their locks, wear false teeth, or rouge, or if they are particufat, or noticeably scrawny, unfortunately short, or conspicuously tall, I am always quite sure innocently to lead the conversation around to the peculiarity, in a way that is positively uncanny. I am sure there is some perverse imp that uses me as a mouthpiece, for I am the last person in the world to wish to make unpleasant allusions. Not long ago I happened to be making a visit at —. My hosts were two sisters and an unmarried brother, the most charming people, and they would, one and all, have been noticeably good-looking if it had not been for the conspicuous family peculiarity of a very big nose, quite uncommonly big, by the way. 'Now, Elizabeth,' I said severely to myself on my arrival, 'mind, no talk about noses under any circumstances what-ever. I would not even mention a handkerchief, or a perfume, or anything that could in the remotest way be associated with a nose; otherwise you will put your foot in it, as usual, to your dire confusion and distress.'
"Well, the forbidden subject weighed on my mind

like an incubus, but I managed to steer clear of any allusion very successfully, and, on the last day of my visit, felt quite light-hearted in conse-Then, like the murderer in Poe's story, actually took pleasure in skirting around the dangerous subject, discussing the symptoms of hay fever, the efficacy of vinaigrettes, hereditary traits, sense of smell, etc., all with perfect success and decorum. Suddenly I missed my thimble (I was hemming a handkerchief, by the way), and, although I looked everywhere, in my work-basket and in my lap. I could discover no trace of the lost article. Mr. — and his sisters looked up inquiringly, as they saw I was looking for something—and then to my horror I heard myself say with brutal distinctness, 'Do you happen to have any spare nose?' The awful word came out like a bombshell. I had simply dwelt so persist-ently upon the subject that I brought about the very catastrophe I had dreaded, and in the worst

What to put in the hamper for a yachting or boating party at this season of the year is quite a conundrum-especially if anything novel sired as a change from the inevitable cold chicken, ham and sandwiches which naturally present mselves to the mind of a housekeeper when a luncheon "al fresco" is suggested. For a boating party the two chief things to remember are first to choose what will keep and pack easily, and next to prepare the food so that it can be unpacked and served quickly. One of the most acceptable dishes for an aquatic excursion is a good-sized piece of salmon cooked to a turn; for if ever so slightly underdone it will not be nice, nor will it cut up ea-sily, and if overdone it will crumble. Let the cook prepare it as late as possible the evening before, so will be quite fresh, and pack it in a dish that will exactly fit it, and cover it with fresh. clean cabbage or lettuce leaves. Then prepare your mayonnaise dressing, which will do both for the salmayonnaise dressing, which will do both for the sal-mon and a Russian salad, which is also a capital dish for a pienic; this is made of cold potatoes, beets and chopped lettuce, with an onion or two to give it flavor. The best way in which to carry mayonnaise is in an open-mouthed pickle bottle; and saind, of course, should be in its own dish closely packed. Chickens look more appetizing if cut in joints and packed in a dish with a Farnish of ham or tongue or aspic jelly.

In the way of sweets, a mould of jelly is always

refreshing, and may be put in the bottom of the ce-pail to keep cool. A pudding that travels well is one of cakes and custard like a Charlotte Russe. It is made of slices of cake, and has a "set custard" in the centre. If it is an all-day affair, and there is space in the boat for a small oil stove, a hot dish is very sustaining, and there is nothing nicer in that way than poulets des osses with a good sauce. This should be kept in a small covered saucepan, and all that it requires is to be warmed over. A hot cup of coffee, too, would prevent many a backache and the wearled feeling conseque an all-day excursion. So take the oil-stove by all means, if practicable; if not, cold coffee (au lait) and tea sweetened and carried in bottles will have to take its place.

DRESS.

WITH SOME NOTES ON M. WORTH.

Behold the hardly classic but amiable and businesslike countenance of M. Worth! The velvet robe and the cap emulate those of the romantic Wagner; but though picturesque in his tastes, the rather heavy British face of the great couturier

speaks of no romantic streaks in his nature.

M. Worth is "not as young as he was." There are deep lines in his cheeks, his eyelids have the droop of years, and his scanty hair and full mustache are beginning to grizzle. There are no signs, however, of declining energy about him, and so helpful are his two clever sons that the great establishment does not unduly tax the strength of its elderly head-elderly truly, for M. Worth is now almost seventy years old. He is the son of an English solicitor, and was born at Bourne in Lincolnshire. When his father died he went to London and found a position in that famous shop called Swan & Edgar's. Then after a few years he went to Paris, and, entering an equally famous shop there, served long enough to become



M. WORTH. thoroughly acquainted with French methods of business. It was in 1858 that he finally set up his own establishment. It is probable that the business will be continued by another generation, one of the younger Worths has inherited his father's abilities in the designing and arranging of

About two hundred gowns and a hundred and fifty cloaks are turned out weekly by M. Worth, it is said, during the busy seasons. These seasons are from the middle of February to July, and from the middle of August to December, M. Worth's American customers are provided for with special care, his sons having visited this country with the express purpose of studying the tastes of the fem-inine population of the great cities. They send to a New-York customer one kind of gown, and to the dames of Chicago and of Roston other kinds.

The quickest bit of work ever done in Worth's house was a gown for the Empress Eugenie; it was made in three hours and a half. The Empress of Russia paid \$5,000 to him for her coronatio by the aid of the boughs of a large tree growing train-an adjunct which it took six weeks of constant work to make, it was so heavily broidered with silver. For one gown a South American woman gave the great dressmaker \$24,000. The material of this dress was comparatively inexpensive; it was the magnificent old lace with which it was trimmed that raises the price to such an altitude. It is interesting to know that in making his designs Worth does not resort to pencil and drawing-paper. He simply takes his materials and drapes them on the model until he finds the idea he

> One of the prettiest, most coquettish and alto-gether "shipshape" gowns for the opening weeks of salt or fresh water yachting is made with a true midshipman's jacket. The costume is of white



serge, and the anchors which border the skirt and decorate the jacket are embroidered in dark blue silk. The trim little double-breasted waistcoat is

of white silk or vesting, spotted with dark blue.
All trustworthy reports from Paris are to the effect that great and surprising changes in fashion may be expected this autumn. These are the weeks in which quantities of grenadines, shot and flowin which quantities of grenadines, shot and flow-ered silks and beautiful chiffons are being worn. The heavier materials cut in the new styles are waiting in the background. The popularity of navy blue is declining, and the favorite colors abroad for cloth gowns are mignonette green and car-melite brown. Both shades are becoming, especial-ly the carmelite, which is the softest, most har-monious color imaginable. It is predicted that a monious color imaginable. It is predicted that a great deal of red is to be worn.

A French blouse waist which is most piquant and becoming is made of silk gathered front and



will be as much used in the autumn and winter, it is said, as white lace has been this summer. The bell skirt with its modifications chosen to suit the

figure of the wearer remains the ruling skirt of the moment in France. Silk petticoats are still worn abroad, but the shot glace silks are no

longer used for the purpose. The cascade or shower bunch is undoubtedly the coming fashion in bouquets, and as it is very decorative in its effects and greatly enhances the beauty of a pretty ball dress, it is sure to be popular-especially as a clever device has been invented in the way of a handle at the back. This is quite concealed in front by the flowers. It distributes



the weight and affords an easy way of grasping osely arranged bunch which gives su graceful and dainty finish to a perfect toilet, This handle is also furnished with a hook, so that the bouquet may be attached to the waist when not in use. These shower bouquets were very popular in London last season, and will undoubtedly take the place of the round bunches this

winter. No "smart" person in foreign society wears the more exaggerated styles of the day. The woman who wishes to be considered in thorough good form does not make herself conspicuous by of sleeve or too spreading shape of skirt.

PEACHES.

SEVERAL DAINTY DESSERTS.

The first peaches that come to market are a sweet, well-flavored variety which is excellent for desserts, but is not of sufficiently fine, firm purple for preserving. These peaches make the most licious tarts, dumplings and puddings of all kinds, A well-made peach ice cream is one of the simplest and nicest of desserts, and, old-time prejudices to the contrary, one of the most wholesome and nutritious. Peaches and cream represent the most nourishing food and refreshing fruit of all nature To make this cream, mix together a heaping cup of granulated sugar, with four yolks of eggs and half a teaspoonful of salt. Add very slowly a pint of milk, beating it in to prevent the eggs cur-dling. Put this custard over the fire and heat it slowly, stirring it continually. As soon as it is ready to boil, add a quart of rich cream, and continue to heat it slowly until the custard and cream are thoroughly mixed. Meantime pred twelve large and perfectly ripe peaches. them one at a time, and much them to a pulp adding them to the cream as you do so. Beat th cream again and strain through a fine pointed strainer, pressing the peaches through with a wooden spoon as you do so. Freeze the cream as me other fancy cream. One of the most delicious peach desserts is made

with a "pate a choux" paste, such as is used in making cream cakes, chocolate eclaires and other cakes of this kind. Foil in a saucepan a cun of milk. Add two tablespoonfuls of butter. When it melts add a liberal cup of sifted flour, and stir the mixture as thoroughly as possible. When the flour has been thoroughly stirred in, remove the mixture from the fire in the saucepan and add, one by one, three yolks of eggs. Finally add two table-spoonfuls of sugar, about half a cup of milk, and the whites of three eggs beaten to a stiff froth. quart; butter it thoroughly and dredge it with sugar. Put a layer of paste in the bottom of mould about three-quarters of an inch thick, on this is layer of well-flavored peaches. and on this as layer of well-havorer peaches, peeled and silieed in fine silices. Continue these layers alternately till the mould is full, taking care that the last is one of pasts. There should be room enough in the mould to allow the pudding to swell considerably. Set it in a steamer or in a kettle considerably. Set it in a steamer or in a kettle of boiling water reaching to haif the height of the mould, and let it cook for one hour and a haif. Serve it hot, with any rich transfel sauce convenient; a liquid sauce is preferable.

So they watched him, night and day, momenturily a liquid sauce calls for four

TOMATO PRESERVES.

A RICH AND DELICIOUS PREPARATION. The ground tomato is a special variety of the famous "love apple." It is also called the "grot plum tomato," and the "winter strawberry" "cherry" tomato, according to its color, whether yellow or red. There is very little difference in the quality of the red and yellow varieties of the ground tomate, but the yellow is generally preferred, and it is much more easy to procure in market. It may be preserved with ginger or lemon, or made into a sweet pickle. Yellaw ground to-matoes come into market in August, and continue throughout the preserving season. They should not cost over 25 cents a peck in the downtown mar-kets, but the price of course is regulated somewhat by the supply.

The ground tomato makes an especially de

licious preserve, and is valuable chiefly for this purpose. To six pounds of the yellow variety allow a quarter of a pound of streen ginger and the juice of three lemons, or four lemons cut into slices and peeled, but without pressing out the juice. About one-quarter of the yellow peel of the lemon should be added in either case. By this means, all the thick, white peel which contains the bitter principle of the fruit and none of its flavor is rejected. The old-fashioned rule called for a pound of sugar to a pound of fruit. This is necessary when the lemons are used, but would not be neces-sary otherwise. But the tomatoes require lemons and gluger both to give the preserve its peculiar, aromatic. East India flavor. The preserve is rather better if the juice of lemon is used instead of the slices of lemon, but the slices are an orna-mental adjunct. On no account, however, attempt to slice the lemon through as careless preservers do, retaining the bitter part of the peel. Weigh out the ginger root carefully, remembering that it is the green ginger root which comes to market fresh at this season, and not the dried ginger of the drug shops. Scrape the ginger thoroughly. Cut it in thin sitees, and put it into three pints of clear water. Cody it, 1914 it is toucher. They from the water and lay it aside. Add to the ginger water the sugar, the juice of the lemons of the juice is used), and the shell and the white of an egg as soon as the sugar is dissolved. Let this egg as soon as the sagat is syrup boil up slowly, stirring occasionally to clari-fy it. After a few moments' boiling a thick scum will cover the top. Skim this off carefully, leaving the clear syrup beneath. It will require ten minback, and draped with beautiful lace in front in the train shows this. The collar is draped with the silk. The tight sleeves below the full puffs are of lace. The basque does not appear, as the sight is put on over it.

Dress in the French chateau just now is wonderfully beautiful, very rich stuffs and the most excausite laces being employed in skifful adaptations of historical styles. A great deal of white cloth or gray cloth embroidered in silver is used. As yet the berthe shows no sign of decadence. A new reign of lackets to match the gown is predicted; and both, it is said, will be much trimmed with very town be lack as white lace has been this summer. The bell skirt with its modifications chosen to suit the utes' boiling. When it is properly clarified, and every bit of the shell of the egg as well as the

SAM WALTER FOSS.

GLIMI'SES OF THE HUMOR AND THE PATHOS OF EVERY-DAY LIFE. Copyright, 1893, by Sam Walter Foss.

THE POUND-KEEPER. In our district, years ago, Were boys the great world ought to know, Joe Bean could draw upon his slate Fine pictures that we all called great, And after school he passed it round And then our wonder was profound They'll beat," said Squire Erastus Brown, "Most any chromo in the town. He'll make an artist, sure as fate, Of whom, some day, we'll all be proud." But Joe moved to another State-And then got lost in the crowd,

In the same district Israel Finn Could play upon the violin; And when he fiddled all us boys Would gather round to hear the noise, Sam Craig, who'd been to Boston and Heard the best fiddlers in the land-He said straight out that he should call oung Israel Finn the best of all, When he grew up and moved away His genius was by all allowed. We said, "The world will hear him play"-But he got lost in the crowd,

In the same district Ezra Prime Was a great hand to make a rhyme, From him the poetry seemed to flow, Like spring brooks fed with melted snow; And Jed Drew, who had read a lots, And knew the hymns of Isaac Watts, Said he'd no doubt that Ezra Prime Would be the poet of his time. But Ezra left us like the rest. We said, "His fame will echo loud

From North to South, from East to West,"-But he got lost in the crowd.

In the same district Abr'am Beach Most any time could make a speech, And our old school committee-man Who once had heard the "Godlike Dan," Said, "Webster made a splendid sound And threw his voice for miles around, Twould fill a thousand-acre lot-But Abr'am knocked him out for thought!" e coul-in't stay in such a town. Where us poor fellows heed and ploughed He went to seek a world-renown-But he got lost in the crowd.

There was a man named Robert Burns, Who lived among the grass and ferns Who did hard work with his right arm And raised good verses on his farm; And while he lived and farmed it there, His poetry crop was pretty fair. Sometimes we move on faster, see? By simply staying where we be. The crowd is large and men are small And heaped together like a cloud,-And he is pretty middling tall Who is not lost in the crowd.

There was a man whose name was Grant Who grew like an obscure plant For forty years and blossomed late— Then burst, a full-blown flower of fate. is backwood teamster drove his team Hight through red War's blood-swollen stream, Hight through the smoke and battle roar, He staved at home and worked away Till the time called, and called him, loud, Then buckled on his sword one day,

And found himself in the crowd. But why take Grant and Burns? Take me, Born here, raised here, and here I be, But still my fellow-townsmen found No better man to run the pound. And I want you to note it down. I'm king of every cow in town, And all the heifers that you see They stand in mortal awe of me I stayed right here and worked at home, And all the town of me is proud,

I had no bankering to roam-And didn't get lost in the crowd. A WATCHED POT.

When he was a baby he was a preternaturally wise-looking baby. So his mother and his father, his grandmother and his grandfather, and all his brothers, sisters, aunts and cousins, watched him incessantly in constant anticipation that he would do some remarkable thing. Such Websterian eyes!

in some Orphic utterance, some Solomon-like wis-dom. But little Seth only distinguished himself by reaching for the moon and occasionally saying, "Gonk," just like other habies.

It was a long while before Seth's vocabulary got

beyond "gonk." But he kept growing wiser and wiser looking all the time. His forehead bulged out further over his eyes, his eyes retreated further within his head, and his deep and knowing look

grew deeper and more knowing every day.

When he was five years old and went to school all his folks watched him, expecting he would dis-tinguish his family by his brilliancy, and at the end of the second week be able to teach his Thy strange, wild notes on bending boughs are

But in learning the alphabet Seth manifested a strange preference for the letter A. He liked to have his teacher tell him over and over again, week after week, that it was A. It was a won-derfully interesting story to him, and he never tired of hearing it repeated over and over again.

Every morning for weeks the teacher told him it was A, and every time he acted as if he were glad to hear it. Every day this truth dawned upon him

Pale sands, that pale as death below a significant to hear it. with the force and beauty of a revelation. His Websterian eyes grew lustrous, and his Shakespearcan brow expanded as each day, month after month, the cogency of the great truth that it was A was borne in upon his mind. It seemed to fill his soul with a complete satisfaction which asked for nothing more. He didn't want to know any-thing about B. He had no curiosity about C. He didn't care to penetrate into such untravelled depths of learning. He settled down to the per-

Fect and serene contentment that it was A.
That is, he did until the next day, when he wanted to have the beautiful, old, old story repeated to him again. Then the old surprise would come into his eyes again, the old wonder would suffuse his features. He was lost in awe and contemplation.
Still, as he grew older, he looked more and more

profound, and his own family and all his neigh-horhood and the whole school district watched him,

borhood and the whole school district watchesi him, like lynx-eyed detectives, expecting he would do some great thing. He looked so wise that everyholy was convinced that he had a great and original mind.

At d. in fact, as he continued at school he did give expression to very many original ideas, He had views on arithmetic and geography, for instance, that were whely at variance with the views of the authors of those books. And when he told the committeeman on examination day that 12 times 2 was 2, and that the Mississippi River was the capital of Pennsylvania, the committeeman was rather inclined to believe him, he looked so wise and so deeply and darkly intelligent about it.

And when the committeeman asked him some easy question in grammar, and he replied. "Taint no use nohow to study grammar, nor nothin", the committeeman was almost persuaded to receive it as the learned view of an expert, and banish grammars from the schools. And when he read the sentence, "The cars ran over a deal man and killedhim," the committeeman never opened his head, let took it for granted that Seth knew more about it than he did.

Seth was almost thirty years old before he got

draw him out were in vain. In four years he never told them a thing. It was a great loss to the pro-

fessors.

When he got out of college he was bald-headed, and looked wiser than ever. He settled down with his father and mother, and they were more impressed with the scope and profundity of his mind than ever before. In fact, it is rumored that they did not like to have him go near the water for fear that he would ignite the river.

So they watched him, and the neighbors watched him. Now, said they, he will burst on the world like a meteor! He will flash across the intellectual heavens in a shower of light and dazzle the nations.

world like a meteor! He will hash across the tellectual heavens in a shower of light and dazzle the nations.

But seth didn't flash to any appreciable extent just then. He looked as if he were going to flash and might flash at any minute; but he didn't flash.

After he had lived at home five years his parents said that his excessive studies in college had worn him down, and that he needed a few years more in which to recuperate. After he had recovered from the fatigue of college he would be ready to commence his career.

Finally, when he was forty-seven, he commenced his career. The century plant burst into full blossom; the millennial aloe raised a flower upon its topmost stem. Seth went into the hen business.

He berrowed the money of his father and bought five hens. He felt the awful weight of responsibility that rested upon his shoulders, and he took far more pains in selecting his five hens than Grover Cleveland took in selecting his Cabinet. He felt how fatal would be a misstep in this epochal, culminating act of his career. But he felt that he had come to his rubicon. Did he pause? Did he faiter and wait for the drouth of the hot season to dry up the river? Not he! He plunged in, and in less than two years, unaided and alone, he had selected his five hens, and gone home to recuperate.

But they were fine hens. They were portly, stately, dignified, imposing and impressive hens. Each individual hen looked as wise as Seth looked himself.

Each individual hen looked as wise as Seth looked himself.

Now, said his fellow-townsmen. Seth will make his splurge. The ocean of his intellect has been stirred to its deoths, and now watch for the bursting of the water-spout. So they watched him with streater eagerness than ever. And truly it looked for a time as if he would make a splurge. His features took on a new profundity of wisdom, and his five hens grew more stately, more dignified, more courtly, imposing and impressive. But as a truthful historian I must record the fact that they didn't lay, But, then, who could ask them to—as if they were plath, domestic, every-day fowls.

But the neighbors, who were plate and domestic people, watched Seth, and they watched his hens. A serene and beautiful hope animated their minds. "Some time, perhaps to-day," said they, "who knows—perhaps this very hour Seth's hens will begin to lay, and Seth will begin his career."

So they watched, with ever-increasing interest, year after year, until one by one the hens died and went to their well-carned rest—and finally Seth died himself, and these were his last words:

"I have been a watched pot, and so I have never boiled."

THE OLD MAN'S BOY. In Sleepy Hollow Graveyard, when the long day was done. I saddy mused above the dust that once was Em- off the stage together apparently happy, And where caressing zephyrs the clustered green-I stood in chastened reverie at Hawthorne's quiet

On this green hill 'neath sun and stars will sleep from age to age
The Dreamer, in his dreamless sleep, the Mystic and the Sage;—
The best (the crown of all her years) our Western World can show.
The fullest flowerage of our time, is buried here below.

They sleep, nor heed the Winter storm, nor feel the Summer breeze—
They sleep, but the strong words they spake are blown o'er all the seas.
I turned away where bending grass o'er humbler burial waves.
And then beheld a gray old man who walked among the grayes.

"Great men are buried here," I said. He wiped a falling tear— "Great men," he sighed, "I know—but then—my boy is buried here. God gave them strength and length of days till all their work was done— My boy—my boy we buried here before his work begun!"

without a name,
Their home is in the thought of men in nations wide apart—
The boy finds love as warm as theirs in his old father's heart. SAM WALTER FOSS.

SPRING.

The infant Spring is mellow joy to those Who reap no tares,

Who spill their cares; Whose gardened hearts no thorn disclose, A winged Spring, that tosses buds on high,

To spread their charms, And clasp the favors of the sky.

A wanton Spring, whose cloak of satin snow Is flung aside In sensuous pride,

QUEER ORIENTAL PLAYS.

A CHINESE THEATRE AT LOS ANGELES. Los Angeles, Aug. 11.-One evening three Eastern men, whom the smallness of the world and the chances of travel in it have thrown much in one another's way of late, were sliting together in the office of one of the Los Angeles hotels. They had all passed a busy day, but since dinner, time had been handing a little bar. been hanging a little heavy on their hands. At last one remarked, being at a loss for anything else to say and the remark being perfectly true, "I h a notion of going to the Chinese theatre this evening."
"Oh, no, don't do that," said another, "wait until you get to San Francisco. That's the place to see the Chinese." "No doubt," said the first speaker, after all a theatre is a theatre, wherever it is, and I don't see why I should not go to this one, even if its | there are better ones somewhere else, just as I do not intend to give up reading Kipling simply because I have not read all of Milton's poems yet. I know a man who wouldn't go to hear Paderewski because he had once heard Rubinstein." Then the conversation slowly drifted off into other channels. But finally the third member of the party said, "Well, let's go down to Chinatown." So all three went to Chinatown, and within another hour even the original objector had become converted.

actors on the stage, a man with a long false beard and a young woman, a real woman. The man was offering the woman his heart and hand, though he stood further off and displayed less passion than men are commonly supposed to do under such circumstances. She was obviously rejecting his pro-posal and was hiding her blushes from him with her flowing sleeve-and her blushes were laid on very thick, too, by the way. They sang at each other for a long time without appearing to make any progress on either side. At length the man gave the woman some sort of sliver object. At first she seemed pleased, but presently—perhaps finding that it was plated she threw it back at him. Then they resumed the former conversation. After a few minutes more the property man strolled down to the front of the stage and laid a little pile of tore bits of paper on the floor. Soon the lover's importunities became so un-bearable that the girl picked up a handful of this paper and threw it into his face and then ran from o room. He was obviously much grieved at this cruel act, but his ardor was not lessened, and when she returned a little later he began to urge his suit anew. Finally she seemed to relent, and they went

When the party first found seats there were two

After an interval of two or three minutes another play began. But nothing could be made of it, and, as throughout the whole performance men from the as throughout the state into the audience had been strolling across the stage into the dressing-room and out again, the strangers thought that they might do the same for the sake of variety. so, having obtained the doorkeeper's permission, they went up across the stage and behind the scenes. There they found a large room filled with properties, with actors who had not yet been seen on the stage, and with visitors who lounged about smoking and talking with the actors and with one another. Then there were smaller rooms, in some of which men were smoking opium, and to some of which admission was refused to visitors. To make sure that the Interpretation of the play was correct, the writer asked the Chinaman who was showing the party around if the girl married the man finally, and he

sald : " Yes : she mally him." The fascination of the theatre being now upon him,

the writer two nights later went again, this time taking the precaution to wait until after 10 o'clock. He was fortunate this evening in getting a seat bebegun!"

The Dreamer and the Mystic—I left them to their fame.

And silent left the poor boy's grave—the grave was able to grasp some of the main ideas of the play. When he first took his seat there were two women on the stage, one of whom appeared to be calling upon the other. It may here be remarked that all of the female parts in this play were taken by men. But It is easy to tell a female from a male character, because a woman always has her cheeks painted bright pink, and her forehead and a strip down the middle of her face almost pure white, and she speaks with a queer falsetto voice. To these two soon enter a man whose face is painted white, and who fans himself as he walks, and another man who has a teakettle under his arm. These two appear to has a teakettle under his arm, be humorous characters, for the audience laughs at them a great deal. The woman who is at home has now seated herself behind a small table and appears to be ill and much dejected. The man with the tea-kettle sets it down upon the table and takes from it a bowl, from which he urges the woman to drink. But she will not take any notice of him. At last he leaves the bowl in front of her and withdraws, accompanied

And chapt the favors of the sky.

A wanton Spring, whose cloak of antin soow is force and the strain of the strain